THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

(Concluded.)

MONSIEUR de Joyeuse's arguments and entreaties could not shake her resolution. She uttered no complaint against her mother; but said, that the manner she had been treated by the authors of her birth, dispensed her from a submissive obedience to their will. Madame Royan, whom Monsieur de Joyeuse intreated to join her entreaties to his, was too well acquainted with the young novice's misfortunes and her disposition, to have any hopes of succeeding Convinced that he could not obtain her consent, he departed, after having given her a list of the estates which fell to her disposal, and informed her mother of her fixed determination.

Alphonsine's letter to Puymarais had not only awakened remorse in his breast, but re-kindled all the flames of love. The consciousness of being despised and hated, and the bitter regret of having willingly resigned a prize, whose full value he was now able to appreciate, rent his soul, and almost plunged him into insanity. "Repentance," he would often exclaim, "erases guilt; and mine will regain the heart of this beloved woman, without whom I now feel I cannot bear the weight of existence." His marriage with the Constable's sister had not taken place; he was free, and his duty, now strengthened by inclination, led him to make public his union with Alphonsine, and raise her to the rank and fortune to which she was entitled. Fraught with hope, he repaired to Reigny, and solicited an interview with the lady Abbess, not doubting but she would prove a conciliating angel between them, and through friendship, or even religion, would induce Alphonsine to embrace the offers of a man to whom she had pledged her faith. He no sooner heard of her determination, than despair fastened on his soul. His excessive grief filled Madame de Royan's bosom with compassion, and she promised to exert her influence in his behalf. "A single interview, this is all I now request," he exclaimed, throwing himself at the Abbess's feet, "let

her only see and hear me for a moment; my repentance, my remorse, her virtue, will speak eloquently in my favor. She will not behold my tears unmoved, and will not, by unrelenting severity, expose me to the wild violence of hopeless despair."

"M. de Puymarais's base perfidiousness," replied Alphonsine to Madame de Royan, when she mentioned his request, "has freed me from the engagements of which he now wishes to avail himself. Let him, if such be his will, publish my shame, it will be buried in this house; and I shall find it easier to bear its burden, than to behold and hear a man for whom I entertain the justest and deepest contempt."

This denial did not dishearten Puymarais; he attempted many ways to penetrate into Alphonsine's presence, but in vain. Maddened with despair, he at last resolved to conceal himself in the neighbourhood of the Abbey, await the day when his victim would pronounce her vows, and regardless of the sacredness of the ceremony and the place, to tear her from the altar before she had renounced the world. A few minutes before the appointed hour, he repaired to the church; but when he beheld her approaching, when he saw the shroud suspended over her head, the conviction that he alone had compelled her to descend alive into the tomb, and the recollection that she preferred sacrificing herself to accepting his offers of reconciliation, and resuming her rank as his wife, awoke the keenest anguish in his bosom. In vain he struggled to contain it; his tears and sobs were noticed by the crowd, and his doleful moans grew so loud, that he was dragged away into the apartment destined to strangers. Here the violence of his despair increased, and the most careful attention could scarcely prevent him from attempting his own life. At last he received an injunction from Alphonsine to leave the convent; and after renewing his supplications, promises, and threats without success, obeyed her commands, and returned to one of his estates, where a consumptive languor, in a short time, put a period to his grief and his existence.

Meanwhile the tumult which had taken place in the church, excited the astonishment and disapprobation of the nuns, who, unused to scenes of confusion, requested the lady Abbess to delay the ceremony, and to subject the novice to a fresh examination. It was not in the power of Madame de Royan to refuse an application which proceeded from the whole community, and Alphonsine was compelled to yield to their wishes.

The day appointed for the examination was not yet arrived, when the Chevalier de Fontange repaired to the Abbey of Reigny

He had learned the alteration that had taken place in the circumstances and fortune of Mademoiselle Joyeuse, and hoped, notwithstanding she had forbidden his visits, that her intentions would undergo a similar change; he therefore hastened to Reigny, and requested an interview. She resolved not to wound his feelings by a refusal, and descended to the parlour, where he awaited her in anxious expectation. They remained for a while unable to speak—but how expressive of grief was their silence! The Chevalier's cheeks were drowned with tears, and the sight of the sacred garb which she wore, filled him with so much terror, that he continued motionless on his seat. Endowed with superior resolution, though not less agitated, Alphonsine at last broke this mournful silence.

"My misfortunes, Sir," she exclaimed, "have ruled my choice." "Alas!" cried the Chevalier, "I ought not to have seen you; how dearly shall I repay this favour: but is your fatal resolution never to be shaken? shall you, when your family repents its former neglect ——."—"Let us forget its injustice; my situation compels me to adopt this design; solitude alone will afford me a refuge from a world where I have lost the right to appear."—"Why should you bear the punishment which the most guilty of men, Puymarais, solely deserves? No; you must not leave the world; you were created to adorn, to enrich society, it would be criminal in you to forsake the sphere in which you were destined to shine for our happiness."

"Chevalier," exclaimed Alphonsine, whilst her eyes beamed mild affection, "it is not difficult to leave the world when we cannot hope to live with those who might have made it lovely to our sight."—"What have you owned, Alphonsine! Heavens! shall I at once taste happiness and misery! Never will I renounce the hopes which your words have raised."—"Be satisfied, Sir, with the avowal I have had the weakness to make. Had I obeyed the feelings of my heart, they were all in your favor, they would have led me—but I fancied you had deceived me, and this error has hurled me into the gulph of woe."—"And will you not, Alphonsine, allow me to soothe your pains, to restore bliss."—"Never; you would deem me unworthy of your esteem, were I weak enough to grant your request. Should my misfortunes remain buried in eternal silence, were I even convinced that they should never reach your ears, it would be sufficient for me to be acquainted with them to lose every hope of felicity on earth. For how could I be happy if I were incessantly compelled to hide such a fatal knowledge from my dearest friend. But let us close an interview which has already lasted too long, and believe that the forgetfulness of

the injuries which have been inflicted upon me, is neither the only nor the greatest sacrifice I have offered to Heaven to appease its wrath."

She rushed out of the parlour as she pronounced these words, and left Fontange in a state which imagination alone can conceive. In order to strengthen her resolution, she sought the Abbess, and requested her to engage the Chevalier to forget his love, bid adieu to the convent, and seek for happiness in a world where she had only reaped misery.

Fontange would have preferred death to leaving the convent in which his Alphonsine still existed free, but the wise counsels of the Abbess, and the refusal of Mademoiselle de Joyeuse to grant him another interview, triumphed at last over his opposition, and he sought for consolation in distant lands, where for two years he carried his unceasing grief. His leave of absence being at last expired, he was recalled to his native country, where he resumed his usual functions at court, but not his former gaiety. During this period, Alphonsine, who had assumed the name of sister Eulalie, wept over the corpse of her faithful friend the Abbess; after whose death she obtained the permission of leaving a place which had ceased to possess any charms for her, and to repair to the nunnery of St. Anthony, at Paris; where her virtues more than her riches, made her experience a kind welcome.

On his return to the metropolis, the Chevalier de Fontange requested the permission of seeing her. Time and reflexion had cooled the violence of his love, and he expressed to her no other sentiments than those her conscience allowed her to hear. The storm of the passions had subsided, a pleasing calm followed its bursts; lovers no longer, they tasted the sweets of sincere friendship. Alphonsine attempted frequently, but in vain, to persuade Fontange to form new bridal ties.—"My heart is dead to love," he would answer, whilst refusing various offers which were made to him, "it is now only alive for friendship."

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir.

If you suppose the enclosed Address to Fancy, taken from the MS. of the celebrated Werter, deserving a place in your entertaining Miscellany, I should be glad to see it published. I copied it from an old English Magazine, for 1790.

Yours, &c.

HORATIO.

TO FANCY.

From the MS. of the celebrated WERTER.

DAUGHTER of heaven, fantastic queen, sent among wretched mortals, to soothe their pains, who with thy magic sceptre changes

the dark abodes of misery and sorrow, into the shining palaces of wealth and joy, and by thy powerful charm drives black despair from the hopeless victim of human cruelty, who lies buried in dungeons, forlorn and lost, death even refused; whilst thou with pitying hand, loosens his chains from his wounded limbs, and in sweet delusive dreams, leads him thro' flowery fields, warms his chilled blood by the beam of the morning sun, and makes him breathe a balmy vernal air. Sweet companion of solitude, be thou with me in this silent midnight hour, and lead me to meet, like the spirits of the departed friends, the smiling hours of my happy youth, too soon past, never to return. And thou, O moon! hide not thy face behind the clouds, thou witness of my sorrows and my joys. Dost thou not recollect, when, in pensive melancholy mood, I loved to wander, where the mould'ring steeple in ivy wrapt, with dark and solemn brow, stood musing over the tombs of thousands, whom once it saw, in life's mid-day gaily trip along; or when, by impetuous passions spurred, I braved the howling tempest, that swept along the heath, rolling before it thick clouds, that poured their torrents on me, unheeded; then, at intervals, through the torn and broken clouds, thou didst look benignly sweet like the rustic maid in tattered garments, with poverty content; but soon the storm being hushed and every cloud retired thou didst appear alone, like the traveller in the pathless desert, taking thy course, with stately step, through the azure wide-expanded vault, whilst distant stars, with silent admiration gazed; thus the royal mother bereft in one fatal day of both her sons, in battle slain, walks through the lofty spacious hall, her attendants, in awful silence stand aloof, and see her pass along in all the majesty of grief. Far preferable to the gay blazing landscape of the day, was to me thy dusky colouring, and strong contrasted lights and shade, when on the rufiled surface of the lake thou didst strew thy silver light, and tinge with gentle rays the heads of the lofty pines and impending rocks, of form gigantic, whilst round their bosom, night's sablest form hung. Lovely queen of the night, how often, when in the silent wide-extended heath alone I stood, and fixed my eyes on thee, thy placid look spoke peace to my tumultuous heart, and from my eye started the tear of gratitude to him, who bid thee rise, and shine for me; but now I see the evening appear, and do not ask him, whence he comes, who bid him rise. Where are ye now, my friends, companions of my juvenile sports? I see the houses, where now, I hope, in undisturbed sleep you rest. I see my native town, midnight silence in all its streets. I see the churchyard, where often, my dearest sister, our lonely walk led us to our best beloved mother's tomb, where

from thy tenderer heart, I saw the tear rise in thine eye, and shine upon thy cheek, whilst a cherub's voice, like the evening breeze, stealing through the myrtle groves, seemed to whisper: *be virtuous as she was, and you will see her soon again, and never part from her.* Then, on our way home, thou wouldst tell me how good she was, how very good she was and call back to our minds the fatal day on which she died, when in the evening we came from school, and were not allowed to go into her room, as usual, to ask how mama did, but were told, she was fast asleep; how the good servants turned from us their tearful eyes, to avoid our suspicious questions, and how our father by grief oppressed, sat like the lifeless monument on a tomb, refused the sad consolation of a tear, whilst gloomy melancholy hung about every room, once of domestic happiness the joyful scene. What strange emotions, what oppressive fear seized my infant heart, when the dismal tolling bell summoned the funeral train, to carry away forever *her* to whom my soul was rivetted with nature's strongest ties, without whom to live, I had not learned. Methinks I still perceive the funeral torch's smell, the silent bustle in the hall about the coffin, hid under a black pall; I hear the charity boys begin the funeral hymn in solemn, awful, plaintive strains; and now the whole black train from the house winds along the street, whilst sympathising neighbours, with tearful eyes, and folded hands, stand gazing, and shake their heads, to think that so much beauty should become a prey, so early too, when of domestic felicity the brightest prospect opened to her view, whilst the lisping babe still clung to her fostering breast. Sure if every virtue, every grace combined, could assuage relentless death, *she* had been spared, and still the gloomy tyrant some pity seemed to feel, he gently cut the thread of her dear life, and gently closed her eyes. O! if angels above listen to the prayers of mortals here below, if departed spirits visit in solitary hours their friends on earth, spirit of hers, who bore me near her heart, if thou hoverest round me, speak, or give me some sign that thou art witness to the tribute of filial affection, which from my inmost heart I to thy memory pay, whilst the hot tear starts from my brimful eyes.

Behind a lime-tree's wide-extended branches the school's gothic structure now rises to my view; ah! well I recollect, with what reverential awe I enter the gloomy hall, like the cavern of some powerful enchanter; nor unlike such appeared the schoolmaster, when his stern looks portended punishment severe, for tasks not learned, or roguish tricks discovered. He too, with stick or rod, like magic wand, could change as into a sage demure, the merry boy, just ready to burst with laugh-

ter, provoked by wry faces, or funny jokes.

What object can be more interesting to the observing mind, than to behold the motley crew of school-boys, or men in miniature, where the future character begins to develope itself, and, like budding trees, each different kind appears by different signs distinguishable. There too the first hostilities commence between the temper's irresistible current, and reason's restraining dictates, that through life are doomed to wage everlasting war. How often, when the stern pedagogue expatiated in sober discourse on virtue, vice, heaven, and hell, we, thoughtless boys! were conjecturing what birds might be hatched in the nest we had found, since the last holiday; or slily in our pockets counted our marbles, important toys! and yet is not maturer age amused with toys, not more or less important than these? See yonder author smiling at his work, just returned from the press, the fruit of many joyless days, and sleepless nights; his wasted spirits hardly enable him to raise the weighty *folio*, and press it to his breast, like the fond mother her new-born babe, brought forth with woeful pangs; his time and health expended, for what purposes? to be reviled by merciless critics, and then consigned to dusty oblivion. Others are amused with ribbons and stars; dignified toys, as often the bandage of base servility, as of distinguished merit the faithful index. All powerful *Fancy* now exert thy magic skill, and transport me once more to those happy scenes, when the long vacation broke the galling chain of school-restraint; when indulgent friends and relations dear, supplied each day new pleasures to my restless spirits, then subject to no control; when the swallow's matin-song dispelled my airy sleep, and youthful ardour spurned me from my couch to hail the rising sun; when, like the sprightly deer, I bounced through the mead, climbed the lofty pine, or wide-spreading oak, and on the topmost branches sat rocking, and with kingly pride surveyed the country beneath. How often then I envied the crow and rook their wings, to sail through the air to distant woods and hills, where thou, delusive Fancy, didst point me new scenes of delight unknown; how often have I followed the phantom created by thee, from hill to hill, with eager expectation, in vain till my exhausted spirits stopt my progress. Thus luckless man pursues the phantom *Happiness*, till his wasted strength stops his career, and he sits down exclaiming with the king of fools: *Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!*

Thrice happy days! ere yet dire ambition expelled from my bosom the cherub content, and disappointment's poisonous blast cancered every joy, that sprung up spontaneous in my path, fostered

by friendship, love, and every social affection, that unites man to man, when like another Oberon, with thee, Fancy, with love and sweet enthusiasm in my train, I changed each scene into a paradise, surrounded by ministerial genii, and in romantic exstacy, tasted supernatural joys. Who rests now on the mossy beds of my favourite retreat, and sees the wind bend the tops of the lofty trees, that surround the lovely place, where the sturdy oak spreads its thousand knotty arms, and with solemn sapient look seems to tell tales of yore, when Germain's sons under its impenetrable shades in solemn council met, and planned the noble deed, to break the ignominious chains of all subduing Rome. Then bold Arminius led the irresistible bands, inspired by freedom's sacred flame, who, like torrents from the mountains, came rushing on the foe, they were put to shameful flight. Rome's veteran legions with victory familiar grown, who, clad in steel, in art and slavish discipline superior, preferred either the distant fight, or to circumvent the intrepid, but unwary foe, who to their unerring lance and dart, opposed his naked breast. Then Rome, in the zenith of its power, felt its foundation shake, and Augustus sat trembling on his throne, to whom slavish nations did altars build, numbering him among the gods. Ah! themes like these with convulsive ardour shook my breast, I loathed to rest in inactivity, and ignoble ease, undistinguished and unknown, and cursed my fate, that did not place me on an eminence conspicuous, far above the crowd, to live by noble deeds in the historic page, or in romantic tale like great Orlando, immortal through Ariosto's song. Anon reclined on a grassy couch, each fiercer passion lulled to sleep by Petrarch's elegiac strains, he taught my heart to melt away in sweet melancholy of love, I saw (for who does not see where Petrarch paints) the lovely Laura like a cherub alight from heaven, and glide through the flowery mead, her golden tresses by playful Zephyrs borne, her graceful limbs in the white transparent robe but half-concealed, whilst every shrub and flower exhaled its best perfume, and begged that her lovely foot would press and tread upon it, and the heavens around rejoiced to receive new lustre from her refulgent eyes. Then in delightful exstacy methought I saw the wood-nymphs peep through the thick brambles, and heard their joyful sports in the deep recesses of the woods pursued by fawns and hurtful satyrs.

Gesner! sweetest bard, to thee I owe the luxury of sympathetic woe, and many a tear which I sacrificed to distressed virtue, and innocence oppressed. How did thy melodious rustical pipe soothe my heart, and pour into its smarting wounds the balm of sweet content. Then no longer I strove on ambition's wings to quit the hum-

ble sphere allotted me by fate, satisfied to walk its more secure and quiet path, on the hand of some philosophic friend, or faithful fair. Then each vain desire lay hushed within my heart, and with no prayer I importuned Heaven, save that my tomb might rise on some favourite spot, reared by the hands of sympathising friends, who, passing by, would with a sigh exclaim *he was good!* and to my memory pay the tribute of a tear.

REVIEW.

THE WEDDING-DAY.
A Novel.

The author of this work is Miss Spence, the niece of the Rev James Fordyce, who addressed the female world in those interesting sermons, so well known, forty years ago. Her novel is entitled to much approbation for its virtuous sentiments, admirable descriptions, and strict principles.

The heroine, (Augusta), evinces every thing amiable in the female character; sacrifices an appointment with a lover to a visit of charity, and an explanation with him, to the painful duty of accompanying a sick aunt to Lisbon.

We think that aunt, (the Duchess of Pemberton, (very reprehensible for continuing in the vortex of dissipation when she appears so strongly imprest with penitence for her imprudent conduct, especially as it occasioned the death of a worthy husband.

This fashionable course, indeed, would well accord with a frail wife; but the Duchess of Pemberton was not such; and had many excuses respecting Norbury to plead.

Besides, she rises to heroism in the most essential point of character, and heroic virtue is a consistent thing. The shipwreck of Augusta, in Ireland, is well imagined and well managed; perhaps Fitsalbert ought to have shewn more instanses of jealously to excuse his irritability on "the wedding day;" but there is a novelty in this part of the story, which entitles its author to much praise, and we can recommend the whole as an entertaining and ingenious novel which modesty may peruse without fear of meeting one page, or one sentence, that cannot abide the test of the *strictest moral criticism.*

VARIETY.

THE ELEPHANT.

The following anecdote, of which M. Le Baron de Lauriston was a witness, is related by Mr. Foucher D'Obsonville, in his Philosophic Essays on the manners, &c. of Foreign Animals, and will serve to give an idea of

the sensible and benevolent character of the elephant.

"During the last war, his zeal and certain circumstances conducted him to Lacknaor, the capital of the Poubah of that name, at a time when an epidemic distemper raged dreadfully among the inhabitants. The principal road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, extended upon the ground, at the very moment when the Nabob must absolutely pass. It appeared inevitable that the elephant upon which he rode must tread upon and crush many of these poor wretches in this passage, unless they waited some time to have the way cleared; but they were in haste, and besides, such tenderness was unbecoming the dignity of a prince of his importance. The elephant, however, without appearing to slacken his pace, or without receiving any command to that purpose, assisted them with his trunk, removed some, set others on their feet, and stepped over the rest, with so much address and assiduity, that not one person was hurt. An Asiatic prince and his slaves were deaf to the cries of nature, while the heart of his beast relented!

"I have seen," says M. D'Obsonville, "two elephants occupied in beating down a wall; a task which their cornacs had given them to perform, encouraging them by a promise of fruits and brandy. They combined their efforts, and doubling up their trunks, which were guarded from injury by leather, thrust against the strongest part of the wall, and, by reiterated shocks, continued their attacks, still observing and following the effects of the equilibrium with their eyes; then, at last, making one grand effort, they suddenly drew back together, that they might not be wounded by the ruins." It is also related, that one being directed to force a large vessel into the water, the task proved beyond its strength; whereupon his master, with a sarcastic tone, said to the keeper, "take away this lazy beast, and bring another;" the poor animal, as if stung by emulation, instantly repeated his efforts, fractured his skull, and died upon the spot.

An Inn-keeper lately complaining to a French gentleman that his house was greatly infested with Rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was on the morning after he had received his bill, accosted by him, "Sir, I shall tell you vich vay you shall get rid of de rat." "I will be much obliged to you if you can," replied the landlord. "Vell den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and de rat will never come to your house again!"

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

This nobleman, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion which,

as well as his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be discharged. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant."—"I say that he is continually drunk, replied the lady, and desire that he may be turned off" "Aye," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child; and, as you say, a trifle of wages shall not part us." John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde-Park; she was not much hurt, but when she came home she began to rattle the earl. "Here," says she, "is that beast John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks." "Aye!" says my lord, "is poor John sick? alas! I am sorry for him." "I am complaining" says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Aye," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." My lady, finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord, having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words:—"John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well, you shall be taken care of in my family: my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woeful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a-day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad to hear that the fever had left him, and desired to see him. When John came in—"Well, John," says he, "I hope this bout is over." "Ah, my lord,

says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again."—"Aye, aye, (says my lord) you are right, nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you should not complain, and I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have had now." "God bless your lordship, (says John) I hope there will be no need." "So do I too, (replied his lordship) but as long as you do your duty to me, never fear, I shall do mine to you;" and by this means, John was effectually cured of his drunken habits.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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To J. P. V. B—m.

Sir,

As an Englishwoman, I feel an involuntary impulse to answer your advertisement of the 5th inst. though not precisely in a manner equal to its deserts, which call loudly for the more *nervous efforts of my countrymen!* Pray, Sir, (allow me to ask you) upon what basis you formed your opinion of the female part of a nation, proverbial for their modesty, delicacy of sentiment, and natural reserve, for the universal respect and attention which invariably follows them in all countries, and under all situations of life? If you have ever visited the great metropolis of London, you undoubtedly have witnessed the depravity of a certain class of females, who, notwithstanding their profligacy, are still entitled, as women, to the commisseration of their own sex, and the liberality of the other—is it from *their* conduct that you draw your inferrences, and from the enormities of a few, daringly asperse the conduct of all?

Methinks, Sir, you should have been less fastidious as to the "unblemished reputation," and "respectable connexions" of the lady you would *condescend to honor* with your protection, in a "foreign and permanent residence," and have taken a trip across the Atlantic, in search of your chere amie!—In the purlieus of Covent-Garden you would probably have met a companion who is equally desirous with yourself of the "comforts and conveniences of social life," but in this city I trust you will not find one to your taste, unfortunately for you, they have imported with them a sufficient stock of those old fashioned sentiments, with which you appear to be unacquainted, (namely) *Honour and Reputation!* To be plain sir, (for I wish to adhere to my national candour) there is a weapon whose *lash* would in my opinion be more applicable to your insulting address to English women, and handled to more advantage in their defence by one of their countrymen, than the humble pen of

JULIA FRANCESCA.

RETRIBUTION.

Phalaris was a native of Asty Palaca, a city of Crete; when very young, having made an unsuccessful attempt to usurp the government, he was banished. He retired to Agrigentum, in Sicily, and soon made himself beloved by all the inhabitants: having an immoderate share of ambition, and being resolved to be the first man in whatever country he lived he persuaded the Agrigentums to make him the overseer of the public buildings. In this post he hired a number of mercenaries and workmen, all sturdy fellows, who depended upon him for bread; at the head of these, armed most of them with axes and other tools, he fell upon the people of Agrigentum, and having killed such citizens as he chiefly feared would oppose him, usurped the government, and reigned twenty-eight years. Amongst the people, however, such murmurs arose, as made him daily fear the loss of his newly acquired power, and his ingenuity was incessantly at work to invent new tortures for the conspirators. Perillus, the Athenian statuary, appeared at court, and offered to produce a most exquisitely contrived machine on condition that his reward should be as great and unprecedented as his invention was novel and effectual. This was no other than a brazen bull, hollow inside, with a space to contain a fire, which being kindled, the unhappy immolated wretch would be slowly broiled to death. Phalaris, struck with astonishment at a torture so malicously contrived, gave orders that the fire should be lighted for the first victim; when, to the gratification and surprise of the people, the base Perillas was condemned to be consumed in his own work.

At the request of a number of friends of the deceased, I insert with pleasure, the following eloquent, and justly-merited tribute to the memory of John Keese, Esq. copied from a Philadelphia paper.

DIED, of a sudden indisposition, on Friday evening last, John Keese, Esq. an old and much respected citizen of New York. Mr Keese was on a visit to this city: and, his health and spirits, which had been slightly impaired, previous to his departure from New-York, seemed to have been much restored by his journey. He had passed the fore part of the evening of his death in a friendly circle; and, though a strange gloom was observed occasionally to overcast his brow, his general demeanor was cheerful, and the glow of animation, which mantled his cheek, gave enlivening promise of exemption from disease

He returned to his place of residence, entered his chamber, and was calmly preparing for rest—But the KING OF TERRORS had entered by his side—The messenger of Heaven presented his summons—Death struck his unerring blow—the animated body, which, but for this awful mandate, would, in a short time, have reposed in refreshing slumbers on its accustomed bed, was in

a moment, extended, without sense or motion, on that very bed, to sleep only the sleep of the grave, whilst the immortal spirit which had so long journeyed with its companion, was, instantly, ushered into the company of kindred spirits, "in another," and we trust, "a better world."

Newspaper eulogy on deceased persons has so frequently been subservient to the views of Pride, Power, Friendship, or affection, that it has almost become a dead letter, a sound without a meaning, conferring no honour, and useless in its effects on society. In noticing, therefore, this awful proof of the thread-like tenure of man's existence, we mean only to record the solemn lesson that "*in the midst of life we are in death;*" to show the necessity of constant preparation for that country "*from whose bourne no traveller returns;*" and to display in characters so impressively vivid, that "*he who runs may read*" the folly of not being ready, even as our friend was ready, to set out at the shortest notice, lest, like his, our summons should be instantaneous, and lest, like him, we should not be allowed one parting word, or even one parting look!

Were we to permit ourselves to record at length the virtues of the deceased, we should not know where to begin, or where to end. We might *justly* display him in all the attributes of a christian, "*serving God, and loving righteousness;*" we might hold him up as a bright pattern of domestic worth and loveliness; as the most faithful and affectionate of husbands; a thoughtful and indulgent parent; a kind master; a sincere friend, and a highly useful and active member of society. As his virtues were of the modest and retiring kind, shunning the glare of praise and popularity, we might enter the citadel of his heart, and take note of the inmates of his bosom, and we should discover that, though "*the heart of man is prone to evil, as the sparks fly upwards,*" our friend's dispositions and affections were sanctified and guarded by "*love to God, and good-will to all mankind,*" against the united attacks of "*sin, the flesh, and the devil.*" But we shall leave his noblest eulogy and the remembrance of his worth, to his family, his friends, and his fellow-citizens. They knew him best, and can best appreciate his value and his loss.

MARRIED,

On Thursday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. James M. Fonerden, of Baltimore, to Miss Eliza Murray Spingler, daughter of Mr. Henry Spingler.

On Thursday, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Miller, Mr Lewis A. Pickard, Merchant, to Miss Eliza Kip, both of this city

On Friday evening, 11th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Fenwick. Mr. Duncan Kennedy, merchant of New Orleans, to Miss Margaret Stayley, daughter of Mr. George Stayley, of this city.

DIED,

On Sunday morning last, Mr Samuel Chase, in the 35th year of his age.

On Sunday, the 30th ultimo, at his seat in Hanover County, Virginia, in the 75th year of his age, the Hon. Peter Lyons, President of the Court of Appeals, of that Commonwealth.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 54 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

JUVENUS'S TRANSCRIPTS.

WOMAN.

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps I've led my way;
A lonely, unprotected stranger,
To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune still has been, to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But lovely woman ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone;
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Stints the free bounty of their heart;
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town, and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, by hunger wasted,
Her friendly hand refreshment gave;
How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
From sultry India to the pole."

The following is a literal translation of a short poem of the celebrated Hafiz, the Anacreon of Persia.

DOST thou know the advice of that ravishing lyre?
'Tis—"attend with fond awe to a pupil of love;"
Yet the earliest maxim, his lessons inspire,
Is the stain of immodesty far to remove.

May his veil by calamity never be rent,
Whose faith on the mercy of woman relies,
But each magical boon, that by her shall be lent,
Let man, her admirer, with gratitude prize.

Behold then where Hafiz, thy suppliant, stands,
To thy sovereign lip low he bows down his head:
But the wretch, whose dull bosom love's passion withstands,
Let us pray for his soul, for the ruffian is dead.

EPIGRAM.

Brother Bucks your glasses drain!
Tom! 'tis true, and sparkling red,
Never fear, 'twont reach my brain;
No, that's true, but 'twill your head.

Translated from the French of Madame Guion, by the late Wm. Cowper.

COMMUNICATED BY JULIA FRANCESCA

JEALOUS, and with love o'erflowing,
God demands a fervent heart,
Grace and bounty still bestowing,
Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh then with supreme reflection,
His paternal will regard,
If it costs us some dejection,
Every sigh has its reward.

Perfect love has power to soften
Cares that might our peace destroy,
Nay, does more, *transforms them often*,
Changing sorrows into joy.

Sovereign love appoints the measure,
And the number of our pains,
And is pleas'd, when we find pleasure,
In the trials he ordains.

By the same.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

OH lov'd !—but not enough—thou dearer far
Than self, and its most lov'd enjoyments are,
None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

Glory of God ! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows not, nor feels wish to know,
Our faith and reason are both shock'd to find
Man in the post of honor—thee behind.

Glorious ! Almighty ! First, and without end!
When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend ?
When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,
And teach these atoms thou hast made, thy praise ?

My soul rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish to be esteem'd, or great,
To take th' impression of a will divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ACROSTIC ON T. W.

MILD in his converse, in his soul sincere,
Of temper liberal. generous, and kind,
Of manners gentle, e'en to pity's tear—
Rich in a feeling heart, and polish'd mind ;
Een *More*—to human frailties ever blind.

EPIGRAM.

On the representation of Apollo crowning Merit.

Merit, if thou hast any riches,
For heav'ns sake get a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

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